

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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GENIAL GREATHEART:
OR,
THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.
EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

CHAPTER 2.
"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity,
Under the sun!"—Hoon.

At the close of the review of his joys, Greatheart finds himself near Bond street. As usual he is on the unfashionable side of the street; for if it is his humor to meditate, there is less to distract on that side, if to play Mr. Spectator, he can thence sweep several blocks of the other side; so that instead of having but a momentary glimpse of them, as he would if he were to walk among them, he can keep his unconscious victims under his surveillance for several moments.

I have said that his charity toward his fellow-men had become so thorough, that he could not feel otherwise than kindly toward any one; the workings of his mind during the remainder of this walk will even more fully illustrate this fact, than those already narrated. No ways striking to external minds, with respect to features, stature or dress, he glided through the motley crowd almost unobserved. But none escaped his notice, or passed without touching a sympathetic chord of his kindly heart; which like an exquisite Eolian harp, gave forth a musical recognition of the presence of each person, of each veiled Spirit (Spiritus, breath), that passed him.

When near the street above mentioned, he beholds with no little pleasure, looning up a few blocks below, the tall form of one often before scrutinized by him, who in addition to a handsome face and great stateliness of figure, evidently possesses considerable mental power—a kind of Count D'Orsay.

"Hail Prince!" I heard him exclaim. "Well enough is your stateliness! properly enough do you surge along, that picture of content! Is not your contour perfect? All we are conscious as yourself that no wrinkle or other blemish mars your statures. Not without reason do you straighten yourself, as the long line of mirror windows testify, that from glittering boot to glittering hat, your outer man is faultless. Is it a small thing too, that the matron gazes in bold admiration, and that the now downcast, now upstaring eye and quickly discolored color of the maiden, testify that you are a very 'Agamemnon—king of men?' But why that nervous movement, that quick tapping of your cane upon your boot? Ah, I suppose you heard yonder youth whisper in passing to his comrade—'there goes the author of—'"

Whereas the pious Presbyterians, into the exercises of whose prayer meeting "our hero" had so cordially entered the previous evening, would feel called upon to denounce this exquisite as a fop and a son of perdition, he on the contrary, like the German thinkers when the wish to give any writer or speaker a fair hearing, strove for the moment to lay aside all his own predominant views of things, and threw himself into rapport with the man's very soul, to see what of good he could find there. The result was that he was led to exclaim, "I like you! there's more of good than of evil in you!—Moreover I thank God for feasting my eyes with the sight of you! In a world so full of deformities, such a sight is a God-send indeed. But, O, what an ass you are after all! Why man, that handsome carcass of yours may be rotting in Greenwood next week! and the Spirit that's in it be out of it, staring round the Spirit-world like a cat in a strange garret. You should think more of preparing for the change."

The next person that attracts his attention, is of a very different stamp. In almost every human eye, he rejoices to be able to discern some signs of lovable qualities within, but through the years in which he has noticed this man, he has sought for such a sign in him in vain.

"Poor brother-man!" said he; "there are who scatter and still increase. O, that you realized this. Then perhaps would your now care-worn visage not bear such witness to the fact that 'there are who withhold more than is meet and tend to poverty.' So you are afraid your estates will suddenly melt away and leave you to starvation, are you?—therefore these restless eyes and threadbare garments. And yet, why should I blame you?—Wherefore all these restless eyes and this eternal grasping after money that we see all around us?—Truly, they result from the fact that men generally realize, though less forcibly than you do, that this is a hungerful world; a world where one's hunger and thirst may possibly miss being satisfied. Nay, I will not blame you, poor mannikin, for I think that human beings were not originally cut out for such a world as this, and that their natural normal state is one in which suffering is scarcely if at all possible. Grasp, then, your money bags, your fawning wretches! See to it that you hunger not and thirst not!—that no extremes of heat or cold annoy that so sensitive frame."

A dignified clergyman next attracts him; one whom he knows to be "a fair spoken literary gentleman, full of melodious wind and soft sadder." No frown has he for him, such as so many of his liberal friends would have. "How thoughtless are they," he says, "who speak such great swelling words against you and the like of you. Pass on, not cursed, but blessed of me. Are you not more helpful than most of your revilers? Do you not extol virtue and dery vice? Does not your elegant congregation become through your ministrations better fitted for the other world than if they heard no preaching? Do you not at least read to them the ever profitable word, and repeat in their ears the excellent prayers of the pious of other days? What is there in you, then, to scoff at?—If there is a most absurd contrast between some of the hell fire doctrines you preach, and your heavenly urbanity and sleek satisfaction, it merely shows that through an amiable weakness, you feel it your duty to present God's truth to men, enveloped in the same coarse grotesque wrappings, in which our undeveloped forefathers must needs have received them, while your own soul and the souls of most of your hearers cry, 'tear them off, give us now the naked truth!—we are ready for it.' Pass on then, I say, not cursed, but blessed of me."

"Sweet butterfly!" he now exclaims, as a dandelion, radiant with that wild joy which beauty, health, and all imaginable earthly good combined, afford their possessors, glided on through the wildering maze. "How is it that in a world so full of thorns and poisons, you seem as yet to have met but roses and nectars? Ah plain enough is it to me, they of the total depravity school to the contrary notwithstanding, that your pure and guileless nature, being so much in affinity with the good that is in the earth, has led you to it and away from the evil. Yet, you too have some need of newness of heart."

But now, tears fill his eyes, and but little merriment his heart, for a well known form approaches, with gait unsteady, but not because of age. The blood-stained eye and haggard look need no interpreter. It is one of America's sublimest poets, who little thinks that instead of scornful pharisaism, there comes to him from over the street the wails of David.—"O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!"

"Ah, then wert wilt to dwell with clay."

How can such sensitive and high wrought natures fight unflinchingly the battle of life? The true abode of such is only pictured in the "Epic of the starry Heaven." Then wrath seizes him and scorn, because the small souls among men will ever revile, and trample on, and drive to desperation and dissipation great and angelic natures.

But the waters of Lethe in a moment efface from his heart, as waves efface foot-prints from the sand, the wound therein received; and a most merry expression lights up his external countenance, as he beholds sauntering up the street, a company of "well to do" college students, for it is one of his favorite amusements to study these so interesting curiosities. There are many who look upon wealthy young collegiates as among the most disagreeable specimens of humanity. Not so he. As on the present occasion, he always, when brought into contact with them, throws himself at once into their situation, transforming himself as readily as the Marquis of Carabas of Puss in Boots notoriety.—Behold him now, then Spiritually changed into one of this genus, and in another moment restored again to his former self and proceeding with his musing. "Why should we blame these proud boys so much? What a temptation to pomposity is presented to them! From being boys they find themselves suddenly becoming men, learned men. A new universe, unspeakably grand and wonderful, even though seen as yet through a haze, is opening up before them.

"Life has been to them a season for the enjoyment of cakes and candies, sleighs, marbles and kites. But now all is changed. In the first place, independent of all external circumstances, they find most astonishing changes taking place in their bodies and souls. They find a man's voice suddenly issuing from them; as wonder causing a voice as that of Balaam's ass. Looking in mirrors, they see something like the appearance of a man coming over their features, especially about the chin.

"But still more wonderful changes do they find going on in their souls. What does it mean? Those lawful Marys and Janes that their sisters always would have romping about the house, have suddenly, for reasons unknown, become awe-inspiring goddesses, to be looked at only from the eye's corner.

But over and above these joys of simple manhood, what joy is theirs as wealthy collegiates? It seems but yesterday that grammar-school masters were flogging them—the coachman was driving them from the stable—the cook from the kitchen—their sisters frowning their uncouth forms out of the presence of their beaux. The great ball party could be viewed only over the second story bannisters, and a share in the refreshments was only to be obtained by coaxing the housekeeper to bring it to the bed-side. Whereas, now, since some one of the powers that be seems to have said 'Presto! change!' In time of recitation, Prex. (the president), and Prof. (the professors), must be careful how they rouse my gentleman's ire; or a penance equal to that the poor king underwent who stood in the snow before the pope's palace, will fall to their lot. In the stable, 'master John' may pick out what horse and equipage he pleases. The cook looks in vain for his would-be hungry visage. Little brothers are now frowned out of his presence by enamored damsels. Hostesses hasten to introduce him to a suitable partner for the dance, and

he is blasé with respect to oysters and chicken salad. A multitude of other changes have also come over the spirit of his dream.

"What wonder, then," said Greatheart, as the sight of his banker's sign in Wall street threatened the speedy interruption of his reveries,—"what wonder if he, who a short time since, looked upon manhood, the presidency, literary fame, &c., as all equally unattainable by him, finding himself attaining to the first, should suppose that all earthly good was about to flow in upon him, and in the consequent bewilderment and intoxication, exceedingly play the fool?"

MR. PUTNAM'S ADDRESS AT THE OPENING OF THE MELODEON.

In our report of the Spiritual Convention held at Boston, we expressed the hope that Mr. Putnam's address would be published, as we should be glad to give it place in our columns. It seems we will not be able to give the full address, as we find the most prominent parts published in the New Era, under the head of "extracts," which we give, believing that the friends of Spiritualism will read them with pleasure and profit.

Extracts from Mr. Putnam's Address.
WELCOME.

I know not, friends, whether the invitation which brings me here, implies a privilege to begin with congratulations; but the strong impulse is to bid you a cordial welcome to this resplendent hall; and to pray that it may be the home of individual freedom, blended with social harmony. Yes, I bid you welcome! welcome! And not you alone, but also the attendant hosts, who, unseen by most of us, are yet grasped by faith's extended hand, and greeted with his genial smile. Ye bright guardian Spirits, good and wise; I humbly bid you also welcome here—*thrice welcome!* Give to us of your brighter light, your diviner wisdom, your more celestial love."

TRUE FREEDOM—ITS SOURCE.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty." The mighty Maker and Ruler of all things is free. God moves on in all his wondrous ways unawed, unobscured, unrestrained, save by his own sense of right. It must be that liberty is conjoined to infinite love, unerring wisdom and resistless power. Freedom—liberty—belong to God; they must, then, belong to those souls that are most like him. The more closely any inward man resembles his Maker, the more exact we find his image within the temple of flesh; the more God-like any soul is, the greater is the liberty in which that soul breathes and acts. No enslaved soul can be God-like, for God is free, and to be like him a soul also must be free. Truth nourishes freedom. The Sons of God have a glorious liberty. Where God's Spirit is, or where a Spirit like his resides, there is liberty. A readiness to read God's truth on any page of the world's ponderous volume; a purpose to read with care such lessons from the handiworks and the footprints of the All-Wise as may come beneath one's notice; a resolve to follow wherever truth may lead the way—these in their outflowings mark the God-like man—the God-seeking man; they mark the free man too, for a stream of mingled truth and goodness flowing out from any soul, adorns its own banks with the perennial verdure and the sweet flowers of inward freedom.

"But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there."

FREEDOM A MEASURE OF SPIRITUAL ATTAINMENT.

But is this inward freedom—this moral courage—this conscious independence of the outer world—is this the measure of a soul's attainments in godliness? Not the only one, perhaps, and yet it may be a truer one than much of the Christian world is accustomed to apply. The shibboleth of sect; the hedges of creed; the formality of rites; the espionage of priest, deacon, and busy-body, all tend to cramp, fetter, and enslave; and so far as they do this, they oppose the Spirit of the Lord; for that Spirit gives liberty. Let the soul's true freedom be the measure of its godliness—and what then? ay, what then? Why, countless multitudes who fancy that they are first, will find themselves far towards the rear whenever souls shall be allowed to take precedence according to the measure of their inward freedom. What? I hear you ask—what? can the bold Free-thinker—the fearless explorer of the mysteries of the universe—the frank questioner of the correctness and completeness of the written word—can he be more like God, than the timid, humble conner of a written creed, fearing to trust the teachings that come from outside the lids of Bible and Catechism? My friends, let the Bible stand as the record of many of God's teachings. Such it is. I place high value upon the instructions of that wonderful book, and have not a thought that the world is now being favored with truer wisdom and love than those which shine in the bright halo that surrounds the head of the Son of Mary. But the expanding heavens, glistening with sun and star; the solid hills and moving waters of earth and all that live on and in them—these all are his workmanship, and on each and every one of them His own finger has inscribed *His own*

"It is interesting to have evidence that this thrilling welcome addressed to the bright hosts of the Spirit-world, was recognized and responded to by them. A clairvoyant whose spiritual perceptions are so highly unfolded as to be active in the normal state, assures us that at these words were pronounced by the speaker, her attention was attracted to a 'multitude of the heavenly host' apparently descending towards the place. As they drew near, celestial music of the most ravishing sweetness burst upon her ear, seeming to come from the far heights of the empyrean. She listened, and was able to catch the words of their responsive chant, several lines of which she repeated to a friend at her side. (As these were not noted at the time, they are lost, but they were beautifully appropriate to the occasion.) She observed that the leader of the heavenly choir endeavored to impress the speaker to pause until their response should be completed, but was unable to quite succeed. During the whole address, she witnessed Spiritual scenes and transactions of most extraordinary significance and beauty, and of a character which precludes the supposition that they were mere creations of fancy. But we have not room here for a more full description."

word. There is a record which transcribers have not altered; which has no variations, which has no inter-spersion of the errors and mistakes of man.—There above, and here around, and beneath the writings are all genuine, and the source is authentic. God is the maker of the heavens and the earth and man, and on His works He early wrote His word; and if in after times He used man's alphabet, and language, it was to utter nothing that conflicted with His previous teachings. All His works are man's fitting text-books; and His first huge volume of nature, which stands unaltered, must be the true expounder of all that follow. What? (to repeat my unanswered question)—what? can the bold Free-thinker be as God-like as the man who devoutly reverences and tries to obey the Bible and the Bible only? Yes: the bold thinking god-man who has snapped the cords that men would hold him by, and wandered through and beyond the Bible, and studied the hieroglyphics on heaven's broad dome, on the rocks, and metals, and trees, and flowers of earth, and found that the voices of astronomy, geology, and botany were as truly the voices of God, as were the voices of prophets and apostles—every such one, though he give untold billions of years as the age of the sun, though he find that man has been growing up upon earth for millions of ages back—even such an one may be found more God-like, more heavenly-minded, more fitted for a glorious mansion above, than the veiled soul who wears the veil when Moses is read, even to this day, and who sees nothing of God and salvation save in the Bible.

THE CHURCH UNFAVORABLE TO FREEDOM.

Many of the world's habits and institutions tend to enslave us. At present there is time to consider only one. Take the Church and its appendages—take this not for indiscriminate attack; not for unqualified censure; not as an institution that has been useless, and worse than useless. No, not as such; because through the church has been put forth much if not most, of that power of progress which has been moving man onward and upward through the latter centuries; thro' this most of those teachings have come which awakened the human mind to profounder and freer thought; which have aroused the world to more beneficent action; procured, in parts of it, more civil freedom; and given it advancement in science and the arts. The civilized world owes much of the development of its many good traits to the Church and to those who minister at her altars, and millions more who cling to her forms and doctrines. As well may the new shoot starting from the trunk of an aged tree, say that the trunk from which it is sucking its own nutriment is barren and dead, as for Spiritualism to discard Christianity. Bethlehem's star was the brightest emanation from the eternal fountain of light which has yet gladdened the world.—But the laws by which that was brought within the range of man's vision may stud the heavens with other similar luminaries, not to make that light darkness, not to tarnish its brilliancy, but to mingle their own radiance with its lustre, and thus throw over the heavens a greater glory. And yet this church, though many good influences have come to us through it, has long been showing too much the works of an oppressor; has been the forger of heavy chains, and has bound them around man's mind and heart; has abridged his inherent right to free and wide expansion of the soul. The same is true of parties in the political world, of associations in the benevolent and philanthropic circles, true of fashion, true of most of our habits and customs. But, for convenience, let the church now stand as the representative of them all.

The Chinese mother must swathe the feet of her infant daughter and keep them from natural expansion. Such swathing is the fashion, and a woman in China would be deemed a heartless mother, did she subject her daughter to the deformity and inconvenience of a woman's full-grown foot.—Who ever saw so clumsy a thing, who ever heard of such monstrosity among the enlightened and refined? No man will ever seek a wife with such a foot; and with such a weight to take from the floor at every step, how can she walk with ease, how can she attend to the many duties of womanhood? Such are that mother's sober, earnest questions.—She believes that thwarting the Creator's purpose is a blessing to her child.

And how like hers is the course of many a Christian mother. See how she binds the bondage of creed and Bible around the feet of her child's soul, and thus unfits the child to stand firmly even on the Bible itself; unfits its feet to follow the footsteps of God through the heavens, the earth, and man. She believes that she consults the true good of her child when she stints its intellectual and religious nature of their natural proportions. She herself would totter and stumble were she now to strip off the swathing bands that have always kept her own creed and heart from expansion, and therefore she thinks that her child is not safe without them.

Should the Chinese mother strip the cramping coverings from her own feet, her steps, for a time at least, would be timid and halting, her powers of easy and efficient action would be gone, and upon no consideration would she place her daughter permanently in the same condition. The child's feet must be banded and dwarfed or they cannot become what feet should be.

Now let the Christian mother lay aside creed and Bible for the moment, and undertake to walk in Nature's broad-field, that she may cut there of religion's fruits and flowers; let her enter the inner temple of God in her own body and read the inscriptions upon its interior walls; let her walk in through the portals of that other temple—the soul of her child—and listen to Nature's prattlings

there; let her tread the heights above in pursuit of the loved one who has passed beyond the grave; let her do this and she too often will find that her own Spiritual feet are not broad and strong enough to sustain her comfortably in her instructive explorations. Too many a mother would return home fatigued and lame, and would, find comfort in re-binding the bandages of creed and book which long usage has made necessary. With these *tight drawn*, she herself feels most safe and comfortable, and therefore the swathing must be good for her child.

You can all see my point; which is to teach that as the weakness of the Chinese foot rests not on the fact that the bandage has been removed, but on the fact that it was bound too tight and worn too long, so the soul in Christendom lacks strength to travel freely and safely in pursuit of religion, wherever one can find an indication of creating wisdom—and sustaining love; not so much because it ignores, at times, creeds and Bible, as because it has suffered them to cramp and dwarf itself. Some covering for the feet is good, if loose enough; hose and shoe may protect and strengthen them. Creed and Bible may be good defenders of the soul against discomforts from without, *provided* they are loose enough to yield to the pressure of healthy growth.

The Chinese lady's foot is, indeed, too true a representative of nearly every soul that refuses religious light and truth unless it come through the Bible, through the creed, or through the preacher.

The granite of Quincy, ay, every paving-stone in the street, is a true, authentic teacher sent from God. So far as you can read it, it is as reliable as the book which has been exposed to alterations from the ignorance, carelessness and mistakes of copyists and translators down throughout eighteen centuries. Study both; weigh them both in the best balances of your individual reason. Yes, fear not to reason. Use your reason; exalt it; prize it; it is that gift of God to you, without which no other gift can have value. Of what use is the Bible to you, unless you have faculties by which to read and understand it? Put reason first; yes, put it first among God's gifts. Though the short-sighted call it carnal; let them undervalue and decry it, if they think they should. God is responsible for its nature and its worth, not we. Reason is the light that lighteth every man; it is so far the soul itself, that without it there is no soul. Unless the teachings of the Bible are addressed to the reason, to be comprehended by the reason, and reasoned upon by its faculties, the Bible is as valuable to the dog as it is to the man. Yes, reason and its intuitions are God's first teachers sent to each of us, and no book, no, not an angel from heaven, should be allowed to overrule them. Is this digression? It may be, but it has a purpose. I have been seeking to lead you to a spot at which I might say intelligibly and yet emphatically, that every one of the millions of souls in Christendom which has not enough of Spiritual liberty to let itself study the principles and laws of God's government, and the nature, duties, and destiny of the human soul, on any page in the book of man which Society unfolds before us; on the face and in the depths of outward nature; in the powers, faculties, propensities, and aspirations of its own self; in the words and acts of Spiritual visitants—any soul which has not liberty to give high authority to teachings that come from sources like these and *met approval within*, is as far from the attainment of that expansion, strength and symmetry for which God intended it, as is the Chinese lady's foot. It is the Christian flock, penned up in the narrow folds of sect, tethered to catechism, creed, and Bible. How can the "dumb, driven cattle" attain the health, vigor and enjoyment which would be theirs did they graze at liberty amid the pure breezes and on the sweet herbage of a thousand hills?

The severity of this criticism cannot be concealed. Should it be? Is it more than facts demand? I fear not. The revelations which are called adequate to all man's wants and thought to be God's last and fullest disclosure, have been giving their light eighteen hundred years. In all that time the light has spread more or less distinctly to about one-fifth of the human race. That fifth has subdivided and penned itself off into twenty or thirty distinct folds, jealous of, or hostile to each other: wars, earth's bloodiest and longest wars, have been waged under the banners of the Prince of Peace. Persecution, oppression and wrong, revilings and anathemas, uncharitable, and all manner of evils, have cloaked and do still cloak themselves with robes stolen from the meek and loving Jesus. Who will say that the Christian world has not need to become more Christian? that the world of man, has not need to become more manly, more God-like, more wisely obedient to all Nature's laws? Who will say that Spirits may not teach much that man much needs to learn?

A LESSON OF CHARITY.

The stone at the sepulchre, and the bolts and bars of prison doors may not recently have been moved by unseen hands; yet tables and pianos have. Young men see visions. The gift of prophecy; the gift of healing; the gift of tongues, are bestowed. In humility let us hope that *we are blessed* in that our eyes see and our ears hear. But privileges imply duties. Our position is both strange and conspicuous. It is no easy matter to maintain it with self-possession, dignity and usefulness.

To the world's eyes we seem little else than a de-luded set of simpletons, waiting with long, sober, expectant faces around the senseless table, vainly dreaming that ghosts had airy nothings can and will move solid matter and express thought. And the world's honest exclamation is, Who ever saw,

who ever heard the like? It says, We, the sane, sober men, do not see and hear, do not believe in the presence of Spirits. Sound minds have settled the point that they do not and cannot come. De-luded fancy alone gives them shape and tongue and power to move gross matter. Those simpletons, the Spiritualists, must be ridiculed and sneered at, till they awake from their delusions and come back to the exercise of common sense. Thus the world speaks of us; and I have not a thought to call it a bad or an unkind world; for it believes, part of it at least, that it is seeking to dispel a charm that seems fraught with power to craze the brain, excite the nerves, and unsettle the fixed, steady habits of hundreds and thousands. More in pity than in anger, it may be, the laugh and the jest are pointed here; and the purpose may be as honest and kind as any that actuates us. For what, indeed, are we doing? We do receive as glad tidings, fraught with deep wisdom and holy love, utterances which come through dumb tables and stools, through illiterate and unscrutinized girls and boys, women and men; we receive teachings which imply an incompleteness in God's instructions through Jesus, and tend to change and modify the existing institutions, theories and beliefs of the Theological and Scientific worlds. As seen by others, we seem to be dupes and dreamers, and *seeing* such, why expect to avoid the treatment and judgments which these seemings will naturally call forth? Complaints of the world's treatment of us; the cry of persecution, of martyrdom, whether it be boastful, timid, or retaliatory, is uncalled for and indiscreet utterances. In your patience possess ye your souls.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

The new teaching of this day contains some chemical elements which will not only weaken the cement, but will disintegrate the very stones that compose the massive walls of sectarianism. The middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, Catholic and protestant, Christian and Pagan, and also the strong enclosing walls which enfold the several Christian sects, may all begin to crumble before the action of some new dissolving elements. The watchers upon these walls, the keepers of the separate flocks, may sound alarms, and summon hosts to combat. For one shepherd and one fold is not to the world's liking. Universal brotherhood among men, and all-embracing love with God, clash too much with established notions to be allowed unobstructed action. Trials may come; but thus far the world has been lenient. As a class we have not been subjected to any thing deserving the name of persecution. Some few individuals have, perhaps, been removed from desirable fields of labor, and others have received reproof and a cold shoulder from the church: small harm, that. Our civil institutions, granting religious tolerance, together with the deep, pervading love of freedom that lives around and among us, give good hope that the stake, the gallows, or the prison will not be prescribed for modern witches and their abettors. Thank God, we are permitted to worship Him as conscience dictates.

It is not our mission, it is no one's mission, to denounce, to wage war upon, and tear down all existing institutions. Better let the seeds of our own ripened faith drop gently and naturally upon the world's fields as they are; here and there a seed will be buried in the soil, will germinate and grow up between the shrubs of error, and in due time will overshadow and supplant them. Build up Truth's temples on the vacant lot,—error never occupied truth's legitimate premises. Let churches and creeds stand—but light up and feed lamps by their side, and in their midst, which will let every eye see what there is in them that is sound and what rotten, what is true and what false. Their own supporters and adherents will select new foundations, and build with better timbers, when they shall learn that firmer ground and better materials exist.

Each one's chief work is within. To acquire and to use wisely true intellectual and moral freedom, to know no master but God, to follow no light but that of truth, to be no one's master, to yield gracefully to others the liberty which you yourselves should seek, to be no sectarian in your hostility to sectarianism, to be the friend of all men, the performer of beneficent deeds, to fill and refill the inward lamp with the oil of charity and undelfed religion, so that it shall burn on undimmed through all life's hours, and illuminate one's own pathway, and thus reveal to every beholder the steps of a ladder on which the soul is mounting to the abodes of the Spirits of the just—this is the work to which Spirits and Spiritualism are calling us. Their voices say:

"Only, O man, as thou art free
From pride and lust and bigotry,
Inspired with heavenly charity,
Can true deliverance come for thee.
Only, O man, as thou dost cease
Thy evil deeds, and live in peace,
And give unto the poor release;
Only as thou art just, self,
Lovest thy brother more than self,
And drivest out the impish elf—
Sectarian pride—from all thy heart,
Canst thou have peace, or lot, or part,
Within the heaven-created mart
Of angel love and angel bliss;
And when thy loom findeth this,
Thy lips shall feel the Spirit's kiss."

Prof. Felton, in a speech at the dedication of the new Normal School at Salem, mentioned on the evidence of a medical gentleman, that in his practice, the number of cases of opthalmia had increased five-fold since the introduction of the present fashion of bonnets, which afford no relief to the eyes. At this point of the Professor's remarks, almost every lady present was observed to give the back of her bonnet a sharp knock or jerk, as if to carry it further upon her head, in the hope of saving her eyes in season.

THE LITERATURE OF SPIRITUALISM
AND THE PRESS.

Occasionally, we have had to call the attention of the reader to the *method* by which some of the editorial fraternity have proved the *uselessness* and *absurdity* of Spiritualism, and the *manner* in which they condemn the entire phenomena as humbuggish and silly in the extreme; but, in doing so, we simply wished to show an error in logic, and thus expose their bad methods of reasoning—if such efforts can be called reasoning.

The error with most *altruists*—be the subject-matter what it may—is not in the premise, nine times in ten, but in the very liberal and sweeping conclusions men draw from such facts and premises.

Our education is too superficial and fragmentary to give the mind the necessary command of facts by which the investigator is able to institute the needful comparison—to save him from *hasty* and *improper* conclusions; because *generalizations*, be they ever so true, happy or healthy, cannot give the *detail* which every *true* mind will ask for before it accepts or rejects a proposition. The American mind has much recklessness mixed up with its pre-eminent business genius, and necessarily manifests such phases of extravagance, in much of its reasoning, as enters into other departments of life; simply because, as a people, we are off-hand and practical, and like to *come to the point*—right or wrong—as soon as possible.

This haste, this impetuosity, springs more from the imperfections of the head than any radical defects of the affections; so that we manifest great inconsistencies in logic and practice. "*Come in again all I will*," is one of the common sayings of the times, which serves as an apology as well as a disclaimer against the previous assertion, argument or assumption that may have been made, which has the happy effect, in most cases, of ending the dispute in a good, hearty laugh. Spiritualism has had its share of abuse; but, like all other good things, it is not only "purified by suffering," but it has grown *strong* in the conflict.

The sober second thought is coming to many of our reckless brothers, and Spiritualism, its philosophy and literature—which was the one thing, above all others, calculated to awaken mirth and call forth sarcasm—is softening into *good sense*, even when speaking the language of dissent and opposition.

This is the *method of sense*; for the mind that is impatient at the most-rapid conclusion—be it for or against—is bigoted, tyrannical and exclusive. We have many among us, however, who, having "waxed fat" on the associations of the past, are much inclined to "*kick*," like one of old, deeming consistency in an error more *dignified* than change of opinion, be the conviction ever so honest.

For the sake of humanity, we incline to the belief that the number of this class is small—very small—when we remember that age has *much* influence on the mind, as well as the body, and often—very often—gives marked *limitation* to mental capacity and the ability to receive new truths.

We incline to the belief, therefore, that there will have to be a great many things "*taken back*" and called in, and not a few will have to say—"Come in again, all I said."

We are prompted to these remarks by seeing some very candid reflections in our exchanges, which formed part of "reviews of new books," &c., in defence of Spiritualism, its philosophy and literature. Thus, the Advent Herald, while antagonizing Spiritualism from the orthodox standpoint, and ignoring the claims of the new philosophy for "reliability," makes this candid acknowledgment:

"We say, frankly, that we have read with no satisfaction any of the attempts to refute these manifestations, by denying their reality, or by accounting for them on natural principles. The first of these set aside all laws of evidence, and the last fail to notice a large mass of well-attested facts which are irreconcilable on any other hypothesis than that they are produced by super-human intelligence."

The issue this brother makes with Spiritualism is to us unimportant, as it is theological and sectarian, and does not invalidate the claims of the new philosophy when it declares its mission to be the expansion of our old religions, by the introduction of a new and more perfect and harmonious faith, as a *practical fact*, among the children of men.

The signs of the times, however, are most healthy where there is no bias or prejudice to live down; the following—which we take from the Wisconsin Home—being authority:

"We are neither an advocate nor an opponent of Spiritualism, for the very good reason that we do not understand it; but this we do say, that if the general tone of Spiritualist papers is a true index to their religion, society would be benefited by its promulgation. We care not what name a movement may assume, or whether it be popular; if its aggregate aim be for *good*, and its results equal its aims, we shall ever be ready to show a helping hand."

The good sense and honest frankness of the above will go far to recommend this "new paper" to the thinking public; and we bespeak for it a rapid growth and a wide circulation, if true to this progressive faith.

The following, however, is more positive in tone, though not so catholic in its spirit, and speaks with the earnestness of conviction. Yet we are not free to say the writer is a Spiritualist, because he speaks an earnest word of commendation while reviewing a theological or Spiritual controversy.

It is not necessary to force a man to a conclusion because he may feel and know we have the best of the argument. No; we wish every one to do his own *concluding*, anxious though we are to have all men to come unto a knowledge of the truth.

The following remarks, which we take from the Eastport Sentinel, were called out as a notice of S. B. Brittan's "Review" of Dr. Butler, and will be understood without further comment:

"Prof. Brittan was requested, by several distinguished citizens of Washington, to review this sermon; and he has done so in a manner that shows emphatically that Dr. Butler, as well as the nine hundred and ninety-nine other clergymen who undertake to criticize what they are entirely in the dark about—viz., Spiritualism—only show their long ears, as an accompaniment to their general baying." "Verily," as Solomon saith, "he that is firm in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

In sight of these facts, we hope that the day of mental emancipation is near at hand; so that we may look forward to the future controversies that may grow up on the old issue of Spiritualism *ex*. Theology with a more cheerful expectancy that *good* will come of it; since the mind, being freed from *prejudice* and passion on the subject, *truth* will prevail.

No doubt the intention of most reasoners is to be

logical, but the soul is a better reasoner than the head, and is both logical and reliable when freed from the bias of education, the cant of popularism and the cowardice of an oppressive public opinion.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

The friends of Spiritualism in Brooklyn, having considered the pros and cons of organization for some weeks, concluded, on last Sunday, to conclude the discussion by adopting the following, which explains their *position* as men—their *purposes* as Spiritualists:

Whereas, we believe it to be a blessed truth that men and angels *may* and *do* hold Spirit-intercourse, which is calculated to console the mind under every phase of pain and disappointment—proving, as it does, the soul's immortality, the wisdom of all experience, and the necessity of progress in a true and pure life, to be *happy here and angelic hereafter*—therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt the following, as well calculated to aid in making this truth practical:

First, That the name or title by which the Society shall be known shall be—"The Brooklyn Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," which shall be auxiliary to the parent Society in New York City.

Secondly, That the business and objects of the Society shall be—

1. The diffusion of the knowledge of the phenomena and principles of Spiritualism.
2. The defence and protection of believers and inquirers in the freedom of thought and inquiry, against all opposition and oppression.
3. The relief of the suffering, the distressed and the erring, so far as to enable them to lead upright and pure lives.
4. That, as members, we pledge ourselves to the cause by subscribing to the above, and paying the sum of ——— per month, to defray general expenses.
5. That the officers of this Society consist of, and be represented by, an equal number of either sex.

On next Sunday the officers will be chosen, when a full attendance of all interested is desired, that there may be as full an expression of opinion as possible.

We hope the friends will take the necessary steps to make this a working as well as a preaching Society; as it is a conviction now nearly general among Spiritualists, that one sermon with the hand is worth more than a thousand with the tongue. The plain sense of which is very old, as it is a simple reiteration of an old saying, that "a little *help* is better than a great deal of pity." Society needs the right kind of talk and the right kind of work; and we believe both to be necessary, as the former is educational to the latter.

Make men and women thorough-going Spiritualists, and you make them practical workers for progress and humanity.

We hope to know this Society as a body of workers, whose delight it shall be to vindicate the ways of God to man, by living the harmonies and doing the duties of the developed man. If this is done, Brooklyn will not be long ignorant of the existence of such a Society, as it will be "a living epistle, known and read of all men."

TO BROOKLYN SPIRITUALISTS.

All the friends of Spiritualism in Brooklyn are cordially invited to meet in the Hall, No. 166 Fulton-street, next Sunday morning at half-past ten o'clock, and participate in important measures for the advancement of the Spiritual cause. Services and lecture, with addresses from New-York speakers, at 3 P. M. Evening meetings are at present suspended.

U. CLARK.

A CORRECTION.

We find the following in a late number of the Spiritual Telegraph, which calls for correction, as it is not fact, and therefore like to mislead the public:

Speaking of the Christian Spiritualist, the writer says:

"This weekly folio sheet is published in this city. Horace H. Day, and others, are proprietors and publishers of this journal, which is handsomely printed on fine paper."

The misconception here, is in making "Horace H. Day and others, proprietors," as if the enterprise was an individual thing; whereas the paper is published by a "Society," of which "H. H. Day and others" are members. For fear, however, that others may make a like mistake, who may not choose to read the business part of the paper, we call attention to the following, which can be found every week on the first page of our paper:

"Christian Spiritualist, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, at No. 553 Broadway, New York."

It will be seen by this that the Christian Spiritualist is published by a "Society," and for *charitable* purposes, as it is a part and but a part of the instrumentalities the Society has and designs to use for the spread of Spiritualism. If H. H. Day, or any other person makes a donation to this Society for the publication of the paper, or the support of mediums, or other purposes, he or she is *credited* by the Society with such sum, so that at the end of the year the Spiritual family may know how much has been expended for Spiritualism, and how it has been appropriated.

Of the benefits resulting to the cause of Spiritualism from the efforts of the Society to spread Spiritual knowledge, this is not the time to speak.

GONE HOME.

Mr. Thomas Ingells, a young man connected with the printing department of this paper, and who had endeavored himself to his fellow-craftsmen, by his sprightliness and geniality, recently took his departure for the Spiritual spheres.

As the immediate cause of Mr. Ingells' death was somewhat connected with his mediumship, we will briefly refer to it. Having been endowed by Nature with uncommonly fine vocal powers, he had lately astonished himself and his friends by the apparent intensification of these powers, which was at times noticeable while he was engaged in singing. About three weeks before his death, in one of his *spirit* moments, after having sung a great part of the evening, he burst a blood vessel. His already enfeebled physical system was unable to withstand the shock, and he sunk gradually into the grave.

The writer, who sat up with Mr. Ingells several nights, was struck with the contrast which the death-bed of the thorough Spiritualist presents to that of those who still ask "if a man die shall he live again?" The things of the Spiritual world were ever on his lips as undoubted verities, and on one occasion rendered the more interesting by the nearness of the no longer "grim king," he told me with much solemnity that he had been wandering far among the Spirit spheres, and had seen and heard unspeakable things.

MEDIUMS.

We have long thought to say something of mediums—their relative value and necessary limitations. The subject is a pregnant one, and would, perhaps, better be treated of in a full volume, than attempted within the limits of a short article; for it might without much effort be made to cover nearly the whole ground of Spiritualism, both ancient and modern; since all manifestation of Spirit-presence on earthly planes has hitherto been for most persons mediatory, and there have at no period of the world's history been many persons on its surface who have held direct communications with the Spirit-world. During the past few years the number of these favored ones has increased, and the world is now rapidly passing from the sceptical *aphelion* of its intellectual orbit into a greater nearness to the sun of truth on these matters. From almost total unbelief, or at least, practical denial of the very existence of such a form of existence as the Spiritual, the world is now daily and hourly coming into a very complete, though still mediate connection with the Spirit-world, and the fact of Spirit-communications is no longer with most of us a matter of question or even belief, but of science. Yet, though we look forward with hope for near approach of that day when this power of holding converse with the Spirits of those who have vanished from the ken of our ordinary material senses, shall be like reading and writing, and other gifts of culture, common to all who dwell in the light of our new American civilization; we cannot deny, nay, are daily and hourly sorrowfully reminded, not only that there are few mediums in comparison with the demand, but also that among those few a large majority have serious limitations to their usefulness. This state of things is rendered more deplorable from the fact that *none* of those who disbelieve the verity of these manifestations, and many even of those who profess to believe in the general proposition that *Spirits communicate*, are ready to make the proper discrimination between the necessary and accidental limitations to Spirit-intercourse. All alike seem to ignore the truth that the very term medium implies some imperfection in the transmission, some loss to the substance transmitted, even by the most perfect methods that human ingenuity can contrive. An illustration drawn from the transmission of light will be pertinent here: every one knows that it is impossible to get a perfectly transparent lens, though the ingenuity of years of science has been exhausted on the subject, and that the atmosphere itself varies much in its transmitting power, or rather its obstructing power, for it is never perfectly transparent. Yet, to continue the illustration, inasmuch as it is considered worth while for men of science to investigate and elaborate the causes of chromatic and other aberrations which light experiences in passing through lenses, and to distinguish those causes one from the other, and to see how the action of law varies in the varying forms and combinations of lenses, it may be true while for Spiritualists to consider what are the many causes which combine to produce imperfection in the transmission of Spiritual communications, in order that they may set to work understandingly to diminish those imperfections as much as possible, even though, from the necessities of the case, they may be hopeless of totally removing them. The history of the telescope, from the first combination of the optician's boy down to the Cambridge refractor, may serve to encourage the most disheartened. We throw out the following thoughts more as suggestions than anything else, and invite thought from every side on this all-important subject.

As we look over the widely varying forms of mediumship, the most natural division is that into the two great classes of Materialistic and Personal; the first class embracing those through whom that great variety of effects on external objects which we have witnessed has been produced, and the second embracing a still more heterogeneous variety of effects which are produced upon the organism of individuals, from the lowest forms of muscular control to the most subtle kinds of Spirit influx.

The first class will need no subdivision. It is generally admitted that these movements are produced by means of semi-material forces or powers, derived from the living organism of certain peculiarly constituted persons, and that these powers, so derived, are used at the will and under the control *mainly* of the invisible operators. What are the precise conditions involved in the elimination of these substances or powers from the bodies of mundane persons, we cannot yet determine with much accuracy; yet we do know that the evolution may be much modified by the mental and physical or hygienic state of the medium, either or both. We find here, at the very threshold of our inquiry, one pertinent suggestion which will gather force with every step of our advance—the medium must be of *sound body and mind* to attain to anything like certainty in the supply of the first requisite for communications.

Some other suggestions, as to this whole class of mediums, may also be pertinent here, though we believe that the questions involved are not yet wholly removed from the arena of discussion among us. The great law of attraction of like to like, works here as in other forms of mediumship. Yet it would seem from all the manifestations we have witnessed, that it works more feebly than in the other forms, and that a greater variety of persons can use the means offered in a given case, than in the other forms of mediumship. There is apparent the fact that the power of using the forces supplied by the body of the medium, depends on some relationship of resemblance to the Spiritual body of the person communicating. It also seems evident that those persons who are best capable of using means of this kind, are persons who are nearer the earth, either in mental or physical constitution, and that they are thereby rendered more fit to show that *Spirits* *not visible* do communicate with men, than to serve as a means for the higher order of communications. This they can do by serving to exhibit a plain practical human sense, underlying effects that can be traced to no visible source; yet they lack the usual methods of personal identification, by the gesture, tone of voice, and reproduction of handwriting so common in the higher forms of mediumship. From this fact, and from the fact that a great variety of persons may communicate through the same medium, results necessarily a great unreliability in the communications given in this way. It is plain to any one that if any Spirit of plain straight-forward good sense, is communicating in answer to a question, and some jovial personage, attracted either by the medium or the company, is present, the last could easily, by the addition of a few well placed raps, change the whole tenor of the communication, and make it either senseless, or of a sense totally different from that intended. Besides, from the lack of means of identification referred to above, and from the fact that the principal means depend on the giving of some bare statistics, which in many instances may be read from the minds of earth-persons present, there is less satisfaction derived from this form of mediumship, to most of

those who are convinced of the fact that Spirits communicate, than from any other form which the manifestations take. Indeed it is so generally esteemed as good for convincing skeptics of this general fact merely, that it is usually termed the A B C of Spiritualism, and there are few among us who have not had a *painful* experience in these rudimentary exercises, preparatory to farther advance. Some, however, still cling there, and steadily week after week con over their lessons, compelling their Spirit-friends tediously to spell out letter by letter, their messages of love. "Suum cuique" is, however, our motto, though we prefer those forms where the messages from our friends come fraught with more of their distinctive characteristics, and laden with a richer feeling and a deeper suggestiveness than can be easily conveyed in this mechanical way.

But our article has already extended itself beyond the limits designed, and we must reserve to another day, our thoughts on the other forms of mediumship.

JUDGE EDMONDS' LETTER.

The following is the letter of Judge Edmonds, referred to last week, in the notice we made of Dr. Harris' sermon. We have no doubt it will be read with pleasure, and we hope with thought and attention, as there are some points that may seem new to the Spiritual reader.

While we are as yet in the infancy of mediumship, and very imperfectly understand its philosophy, it behooves all to be thoughtful and cautious in reading, that full justice may be done to all—the Spirit, the medium, and the thought communicated. We have much yet to learn and unlearn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21st, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps in your discourse on the wreck of the Arctic, you would be willing to have a more minute detail of the events, which I mentioned the other day, and I will therefore try to give it to you.

For several days before we received the news of the accident, an attempt was made to communicate the event to my daughter, as she had been a year ago taught the wreck of the San Francisco. But it failed because of her anxiety about a relative of hers, who was at sea, and with whom she associated the wreck, the moment the idea was presented to her. Thus were produced confusion and anxiety which interfered with the clearness of the communication, though the idea of a wreck was frequently and vividly presented to her.

On the day before the arrival of the news, she had a call from a lady friend, who in the course of her visit, became entranced and gave a graphic description of some of the scenes which we afterwards learned took place on board the ill-fated steamer. But the communication was interrupted, and thus only an indefinite apprehension of some impending misfortune was produced.

On the day after we received news of the wreck, I returned home from my office late in the afternoon, and found my friend Mr. J—— in my parlor with my daughter. Some Spirit was communicating through him. I gave my attention to it, and then for about two hours through him, through Laura, through Mr. A——, who came in during the evening, and through myself, we had the intercourse with the passengers of the Arctic, which I mentioned to you.

I imbibed the idea that there were present with us at least a hundred of them, though only a few made themselves known to us, or spoke to us.

N. B. Blunt, late District Attorney, Bishop Wainwright, Isaac T. Hopper, Dr. Cory, and others of our Spirit friends were also present, and occasionally spoke through, or to, some of us.

I plainly saw the whole assemblage, and particularly one of them, with whom I had been well acquainted. He was laboring under great mental excitement. He exclaimed to me, "Good God, Edmonds. Can this be true? Is death, after all, what you said it was, and is this death? Can it be possible this is the change which death makes?" I answered, "You see. You can judge for yourself. Bring your own clear intellect to bear upon it, and you can understand it."

"But," he said, "Where am I? What must I do? Where am I going? Is this to be always so?"

I told him, "No, by no means is it to be always so. But it will be difficult for me to tell you what to do, for I cannot know all the circumstances which surround you. But there is one close at hand who can tell you, and who can assist you."

"Who is that?" he asked.

I answered, "Our old friend, Blunt."

He said, "Nat? Is he here? Where? Let me see him."

Let me hear from him where I am, and what I am to do?"

This conversation had thus far been between me and that Spirit direct, and now Mr. Blunt came through my daughter and said: "Judge, tell him I am near at hand, ready to assist him, and he has only earnestly to wish it, to see and hear me himself. Now, his mind is in such uncertainty and confusion, that neither his brother nor I can make ourselves visible to him."

This being said to me in an audible voice, was heard also by the Spirit, who no longer paid any attention to me, but turned to where Blunt was, and soon engaged in conversation with him.

Others of those Spirits then spoke to me. One said to me, that his last thought on going down with the ship was, that in a few moments he should be reunited again to his wife and children, who went down with him, but he said—and this so much astonished him—"when I awoke, I beheld my wife and children passing away from me in different directions, and I am left alone so near the earth! Is this to be always so? Am I never, never to see them again? And am I always to hover thus near the earth?"

Another, whom I had well known, said to me, with a good deal of emotion, "Friend Edmonds, it is true, then, this which I always thought an illusion of thy insane mind? It truly seems so. I know I have died; but now I seem as much upon earth as ever, and I talk to thee as plainly as ever I did. Oh! tell me what all this means, and what I am to do?"

I referred him to Father Hopper, who was present, and who could instruct him better than I could. He shrunk from this, and reminded me that he and Mr. H. had not agreed very well upon earth, having had some difficulties with each other "in meeting"—that is, in their religious Society.

Mr. Hopper then spoke to me through Laura, and bade me reassure him that no unpleasant recollection of the past dwelt upon his mind; that he was ready to help him; and he added: "Tell him, Judge, that I will be just as quick, now, to take him in as he was once to turn me out of meeting. Tell him so, Judge, will you?"

In reply, I said: "I need not repeat it, for he hears what you say through the medium. But your allusion to the old difficulties disturbs him."

"Tell him," he answered, "never to mind that; it is only matter to be laughed at now, and I desire only to befriend him, and set his mind at ease."

"Yes," I said, "old friend, that you have already done, for he holds out his hand to you."

And they two passed away together from my view.

One of the sailors spoke to me, and though not a man of as much education as the others, he was evidently more at home and more at ease than they were. He said that, after the collision, he had not thought of himself until the raft shoved off from the ship. He had been very busy trying to stop the leak; and when all work on that ceased, it had occurred to him that he ought to save himself. That he had an aged mother, a wife and some children in New York, and he asked himself—"What will they do this winter without me?" And so he jumped from the ship to reach the raft; but he fell short, and sank in the water. He came up under the raft, and his head bumped against it until he drowned.

There was much less agitation in him than in the others, and I obtained from him a clear account of several things.

He spoke in great admiration of the efforts on board the ship of the one who first spoke to us; said he took a command, and directed much that was done. He was cool, collected, and energetic, and made himself felt and obeyed wherever he went.

He also spoke of the general department when all hope of saving themselves was abandoned. He said the sight was really sublime. A death-like stillness reigned, and a calm came over them all, as if each was quietly bracing himself to meet his destiny.

I asked him how it happened that they so many of them came to us, and if he had not yet met any of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world besides those who had entered it with him?

He answered yes; his father and two other relatives had come to him and welcomed him, and then told him to go with the others and learn what he could. He could not give me his name or the street where he resided. There was no medium present through whom the abstract idea of a name could be given.

Among those who spoke to me, was a female. She was very cheerful and pleasant, and, from what she said, it was manifest that her thoughts in life had been more for others than for herself. She understood more clearly the condition in which she found herself, and had come with the others more to aid them than herself.

Bishop Wainwright, through Mr. J., uttered a most touching and impressive prayer.

And, finally, there spoke to me the spirit of a man, who said that he was an European, whose name was unknown to me, but mine was not unknown to him. He had already given some attention to the Spiritual philosophy, and had found in it much that was consonant with his reason, with his instincts, and with what he had learned of Nature, (and that was not a little, for he was evidently an educated man.)

He had been on his way to this country on business, and had intended, while here, to call on me. He said that his belief had been of vast service to him, for it had not only robbed death of its terrors, but it had enabled him, on entering his new existence, to understand his position, and to know where he was. He had not, therefore, shared the amazement, excitement and confusion of mind which had so much disturbed others.

When that large number of persons had awakened to consciousness in the Spirit-world, and were analyzed at the condition in which they found themselves, a voice had spoken to them, saying: "The gates of death have been opened to you. Now let the gates of eternal life be likewise opened to ye. Go ye to earth again, and learn there how to enter them!" They had, accordingly, come to earth, and scattering in various directions, had sought the mediums on this continent. Hence it was that so large a number were now with us.

He said that I could form no just conception of the condition in which they found themselves. No two were alike. In some, blank amazement stupified; in some terror and uncertainty assumed the form of the excitement of insanity; in some, there was a stolid, hardened indifference; in some, a happy confidence as to the future, without knowing why; and in a few there was a knowledge, imbibed on earth, which inspired hope and confidence. They were the most cheerful and hoping who, on earth, had been least selfish, and most active in their efforts for others.

They were, he said, surrounded by bright Spirits, who were willing to aid them; but having been cut off from the mortal life suddenly and without the weaning from earthly ties which old age or protracted disease always produce, their earthly feelings were still predominant with many, and, in connection with the excitement, confusion and uncertainty prevailing in their minds, rendered them inaccessible to the approach of those brighter Spirits. "Why," he added, "we do not all even see each other, though hovering thus together around you. We have, as it were, a dim consciousness of each other's presence, and through the instrumentality of the mediums we hear and converse with you and with each other. For this purpose it is that we are conducted here by our Spirit-guides, that we may learn our true condition, and, through mortal means, unlearn the errors which our mortal life has instilled into us. Speak, then, Judge, to them. You they all can hear, and from your lips they may thus early learn the lesson of the realities before them, which, sooner or later, they must all learn. Speak plainly, but gently, for oh! you know not how much of sorrow and anxiety there is in the hearts which you can thus relieve."

I accordingly for a few minutes spoke to them. I reasoned with them of the great doctrine of progression which is now being revealed to man. I reminded them that from birth their life had been one of progression, and now they could readily perceive that that life still continued, and with it must continue the influence of that law of progression. It was of importance to them to know this, for then and only then, could they know how to direct their action wisely and well. And fortunately for them, they were now in a condition, where they could ascertain if they would, how true or false this teaching was.

So too, if they became satisfied of that, they could readily learn the law by which that progression could be most advanced or retarded. That law was love—love of God and of one another, to be manifested not in profession only, but in active efforts to do good to one another. That could be done by them in the Spirit-life as well and even better than in their mortal existence.

So too, I told them that they were surrounded by bright and beatified Spirits who were ready to take them to their arms, to teach them the holy truths which are now also being revealed to man upon earth, and to point them the way to happier realms, which they may in time attain. And I assured them, that they had but to make themselves accessible to their Spirit-friends by earnestly desiring their presence and aid, to enjoy the inestimable assistance which could soon dispel the gloom of doubt and uncertainty, and open to their vision a bright and holy light from above.

I told them that I did not ask them to receive these things as true, because I said so, but to ex-

amine for themselves with all the advantages which they now possessed, and to judge for themselves. It could do them no harm thus to investigate; but if on investigation, they should find that I was correct, they would also find much that would be of inestimable value to them.

Something more to the same effect I said, and commending them in few words, to the protection of our Heavenly Father and the guardian care of the bright Spirits who were around them, I closed the interview, and they faded from my view.

Affectionately yours,
J. W. EDMONDS.

REV. T. L. HARRIS.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]
SPIRIT-RAPPINGS.

MR. EDITOR:—In introducing this communication of facts, made purely for the benefit of any or all whom it may concern, I bespeak from readers all the credit for candor and careful expression of simple truth, which would be to-day and has been often given me before our several courts and magistrates when under all the solemn formal obligations of an oath.

At the earnest solicitation and expense of a generous friend, I yesterday accompanied him to the room of Miss S. J. J., whose card is out as "Rapping Medium," No. 58 Vine street. Time being a precious commodity with this lady as well as myself and friend, but very little was lost in the ceremonies of the introduction and announcement of object. I was asked to be seated at a small round table. The lady then called for the presence of Spirits, which after a short pause was manifested by raps, which I could very distinctly hear, and felt a slight jar upon the table. The question was then asked by Miss J. (audibly to us all) whether any Spirit would communicate with this gentleman at the table. The answer was affirmative. (According to a rule agreed upon between the Spirits and the medium, it seems *three raps* mean *yes*, *two* mean *no*, and *one* means *can't tell*.)

I was then told to think of some one of my departed friends with whom I wished to converse. I immediately told the lady I had my mind upon one. She then asked (audibly) if the friend I had in mind was present. The reply indicated to the lady that the Spirits would go to the proper sphere or circle and find and bring my friend. And after a pause of some five minutes or more, rapping was again heard, and the lady told me that my friend was present. And now the first question which suggested itself was, *how am I to know that this knocking is the individual and voluntary work of the Spirit for whom I have inquired, and which announces its presence, and readiness to converse with me?* This question spontaneously came forth in earnest utterance, which the lady said was very natural and very common. To satisfy me on that point, I was instructed to ask the Spirit to spell out as it could through the medium, answers to any test questions I chose to put. I put the following: "What is your name? When did you die? Where did you die?" The following answers were spelled out as I pointed to the letters. *Caroline M. Steger: October, 1845; Huntington, Pa.*

I then asked the question (audibly) *Do you know anything of our mother?* Answer: *We are together. Are you happy?* Answer: "Yes." "*All are happy here, just according to our advancement in the great principles of truth.*"

I then asked for the name of my mother. It was spelled out *Sarah*. I then asked *when and where she died*. The answer was spelled out. *Feb. 17th, 1821, State of New Jersey*. All these answers were correct. And no more questions were asked. The time had expired, others were waiting, and here was the end of the first opportunity I ever used for any trial of the kind. It only remains for me to say, that no person in the room knew either name, or any fact pertaining to the death of my sister and mother. And upon the whole affair and others like it, of which we constantly hear and read, I beg leave to add the following reflections. I have troubled all the Spiritualists of this class I have ever met, (and most of all, the friend who took me to this medium,) with the question, *what is there about it all that constitutes real, intrinsic, definable utility?* I cannot find anything about it of any more authority, or any more amusing, (and surely there is nothing more cheap,) than are the dreams and visions of the night so common to us all. It is said to cure skepticism with regard to a belief in the immortality of the soul and a future existence.

Well, if this special dispensation or system of teaching is provided for the use of the few who fail to be convinced by *plainer* and *cheaper* teachings in the Bible and out of it, then it is proof of very exceedingly accommodating goodness indeed on the part of Almighty God. And when used for that purpose alone, there is a kind of *double* benefit about it on account of the dollars which are freely paid to the mediums, especially when they are, (as they are most apt to be) of the poor and humble class of society. This is all of the *truly useful* that I can see in it.

I have not as yet heard, or read, or witnessed anything about Spiritualism that added anything to my convictions on the subject of immortality and a future existence. But some have such need, it seems, to whom all other reasoning, and other revelations fail

Poetry.

[From the Sacred Circle.]
LOVE OF NATURE.

I love the earth, the trees and flowers, the grass, the very soil,
And how to grow them in the morning dew, and how to soil,
I love the water of the brook, the river, the sea, the tide,
The waves, the stars, the trees, and flowers, I look upon with pride.

I turn from cities to the scenes where man has never trod,
From burning pavements to the mosses from the streets to turf and soil,
I turn from jarring strife of men to where the wild birds sing,
Where love and harmony speak out in every living thing.

The flowers are crushed and desolate wherever man has trod;
I find them joyous on the mountain and the shady wood,
I look them at the top where waves the old oak's gnarled limbs,
That I may higher reach to heaven and nearer come to Him.

'Tis not the haunts of men, in cities filled with life,
Where struggling in the race each one with selfishness is rife;
It is not there my spirit turns, for I would be alone
In silence such as I can find in the angels' whispered tone.

The whisperings of that brighter world I ever love to hear,
And do not check the fire which lights the feeling heart;
A heart not then to be a man, my human heart is free,
To open all its inner doors where God alone can see.

No curious eyes behold my grief; if moved from love divine
Are these beside my window, their tears will flow with mine,
But as upon a mother's breast, I find my heart at rest,
Where surely mortals there are none who can be sure to rest.

Thus do I seek the ancient world, where the old oaks and pines
Droop the dim foliage light where the morning's earliest glow,
And converse hold with angels when first they come below.

[From the Boston Patriot.]
SPIRIT YEARNING.

BY MARY HUBBELL.

Where, on thy lonely heights, farthest throne,
O soft celestial beauty,
Lend to my spirit from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee Death?

On my white couch all day I wait for thee,
And through the dewy night
I have been communing with thee, and so slow
And calm, thy voice is night.

In velvet folds, I know the lambskins play,
And infant voices peep;
Come, sweet, for my almost parted heart
Return, for thou art here.

Where still and pale, I fade from hour to hour,
Eyes keening, lips that never close,
Make earth so dear that still my spirit rests
Without the crystal bars.

Should I repine while here in arms of love,
Just under heaven's bright gaze,
Under the angel's look, to meet the morning's earliest glow,
A little while I wait.

This lower sky is gloriously fair—
I am not tired of earth;
From other spheres I would not turn my face,
Land of my mortal birth.

But I have caught a vision of the palms
Around the mountain of God,
That my spirit here branches spread the way
Which Christ the prophet trod.

And underneath that shade my soul must dwell
With souls that dwell in glory,
I heard it whispered in the holy night
By angels at my side.

Then, where on thy slow phosors farthest throne,
O soft celestial beauty,
Lend to my spirit from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee Death?

OUR HUMAN DAYS.

They tell me, love, that you and I
Our human days are ending,
While yet I sit from your eyes,
The change that comes so sudden;
Ah! life they say is weary,
With less of joy and sorrow,
For where the sunlight falls so low,
There'll be a shade to morrow.

Hours he the love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper charms reveal
In passing to each mortal hour,
Then better were it, that today
We fervently were praying,
That what we have, we might all away
While we the world were saying.

The heart that depths of lifelessness
As well as depths of gloom,
And those who love, love not unless
They both of these are true;
There is a time and place for love,
When this they must discover,
And you, whether then be dumb
To power that moves the heart.

There is some spot where each will fall,
And each will find its doom,
And suffering is the lot of all,
And of God's ordinance;
Then, where do you find the unity
In bonds that none can sever,
If not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor.

Then while these happy days we bless,
Let us not dwell on gloom,
God's mercy never will be less,
Though he should change the sorrow,
Such be our faith and our reward,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by His hand are led,
And hear what He is saying.

THE OCEAN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The ocean looked up to heaven,
As if a living thing;
The language of its waves was deep,
In endless whispering.

They knelt upon the shining sand
As to the human knee,
A beautiful and lowly land,
The priest-hood of the sea.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and airy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

ASPECTS OF DIAGENES.—Alexander, passing through Corinth on one occasion, had the curiosity to see Diogenes, who happened to be there at the time. He found him basking in the sun in the grove Cereus, where he was cementing his tub.

"I am," said he to him, "the great king Alexander."

"And I," replied the philosopher, "am the dog Diogenes."

"Are you not afraid of me?" continued Alexander.

"Are you good, or bad?" returned Diogenes.

"I am good," rejoined Alexander.

"And who would be afraid of one who is good," replied Diogenes.

As Diogenes was one day going to Epigra, he was taken by pirates who brought him to Crete, and exposed him to sale. He did not appear to be the least disconcerted, nor did he feel the least uneasiness on account of his misfortune. Seeing one Xenias, carpenter and well dressed,

"I must be sold to that person," said he, "for I perceive he needs a master. Come, child," said he to Xenias, as he was coming up to purchase him.

"Being asked what he could do, he said he had the talent of commanding men."

"Crier," said he, "call out in the market, if any one wants a master, let him come here and purchase one."

The man who was selling him desired him not to sit.

"What matters it," said Diogenes, "people buy fishes in any posture, and it is very surprising that though one will not buy even a pot without ringing it to know whether it is good metal, he will buy a man upon simply seeing him."

When the price was fixed, he said to Xenias, "Though I be at present your slave, you must prepare to obey my will; for whether I serve you as physician or steward, it matters not whether I be a slave or a freeman, my will must be done."

Xenias charged him with the instruction of his children, a task which Diogenes performed with great fidelity.

THE POWER AND EFFICACY OF BOOKS.—Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial, the purest effluence and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—John Milton.

MAGNETIC MAGIC.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cataplexies, Trances, Convulsions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, a Sympathetic Correspondence, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

SIXTH DIALOGUE.

CONTINUOUS FITS—POSSESSIONS.

There was another phenomenon common to all the possessed nuns; it was to preserve their pulse perfectly calm and steady in the middle of the most frightful fits and convulsions.

JOHN.—It is painful to consider such diseases, such mental aberrations; but it is still more so to think that they were a proof of the errors of Justice in those times. There are few of those wretches who did not appear to be thrown into this state by some occult influence. These possessions of London always remind me of the unfortunate Grandier, who was no more a magician than I am myself, and who was, nevertheless, burnt alive, upon the evidence of some foolish women and revengeful enemies.

ALBERT.—It does not belong to me to judge Urban Grandier, and to decide whether he was or was not the victim of his foes' hatred. God alone can pronounce in His impartial justice. But if you ask me another form to your question, if you ask me whether or no it was possible Grandier committed the crimes with which he was charged, I should answer unhesitatingly, "Yes! yes, it is possible that with a simple flower he obtained the effects of which he was accused, viz.: the seduction of a poor girl."

Nay, he might have produced hundreds of similar results, by means of the sympathetic power of which I shall speak in the following narration.—When our conversations shall be terminated, I trust you will be entirely free from these doubts which you now seem to delight in putting forth under the shape of arguments. I tell you with full confidence that man can know justice on this earth, and make use of it from the example of God himself.

There is, therefore, nothing more infamous than to abuse this power by demoralizing or seducing a being who does not dare to resist its spell. Human justice cannot, in consequence, be too severe against such breach of liberty and existence.

I borrow the following anecdote from the "Portative Cyclopedia; article, Occult Sciences." It will illustrate what I have said about these sympathetic convulsions.

30. "It is certain that this sort of epidemic originated at Epemach, in the Luxembourg; that it was completely destroyed in 1774, and spread afterwards into the departments of Rhine and Moselle."

31. If we trust to the chronicles of Limburg, it is impossible not to recognize in them the phenomena of magnetic trance, as they are described by Dr. Bertrand. "People were seen dancing as if they had been mad. These dances lasted sometimes whole days, and when some one of the performers fell down, the others jumped upon his body, and they soon recovered." A little further the same chronicler informs us that "The physicians considered these dances as having a passionate disposition, or some latent disease. The priests exercised them, as possessed by the evil Spirit. But it was very singular that, despite all these considerations, and the direct prohibition of the government, these convulsive dancers have continued until the present day."

32. M. Muller, Justice of Peace, remarked that at Epemach, there were two thousand nine hundred and seventy-four persons subject to this singular dance.

We shall not close this article on ecstatic dances, without speaking of the Howling Dervishes' dance. One of our best writers observed them recently at Constantinople, and gave a very interesting account of his observations, although he does not seem to be always free from prejudice.

These Mussulman monks labor under the most excessive poverty, and are broken down by all the excesses of penitence. It is in this state that they begin their dances and continue them until they fall down, exhausted and breathless. They utter the most abominable howling, as long as they lie on the ground; but they soon rise again, brandishing enormous bars of burning iron, or opening their veins with swords, and spreading their blood all over the ground. They glory in these abominable feats, whose sight excites their zeal, and which are living illustrations of an excessive and powerful exaltation.

JOHN.—What conclusions shall we draw from these contradictory judgments? Priests explain these facts by the devil's intervention; physicians by the nervous fluid; physiologists by sympathy; and historians by ecstasies. To the priests I shall say, prove your assertion by expelling these devils, over whom you have full power; to the physicians, prove your opinion by curing sicknesses which your science must doubtless teach you to heal; to the physiologist, I shall ask what is sympathy? and to the chroniclers, what are ecstasies? If this last state is an image of beatific calmness, we must confess that it has not much analogy with the convulsive fits and howling dances we spoke of. What miserable definitions are all these; and how can we hope to understand by them the nature of so difficult a question?

ALBERT.—Men too often believe they know what they profoundly ignore, as you see in this case. Everybody pretends to know this state. I shall quote here the explanation I find in "The Sacred Theatre of Ceremes" by Elie Marion.

"One of the brothers advised him to take a hammer and strike his breast with it, promising that it would do him no harm; he even insisted and asked for knives, but they could find none but a large and sharp one, with which he violently struck his belly and stomach; but his frame offered a resistance equal to that of iron to his repeated blows; even his dress remained intact. Every one was frightened, and as for me, I shed abundant tears."

(Page 65.)

On page 191, the author relates a less curious fact. It was an incombustible ecstacy, where he remained more than a quarter of an hour in an ardent fire, without having received the least injury, or even having his clothes damaged.

This curious book records many facts of the same nature, which took place among inspired people during the long wars the Protestants had to bear from their brothers in God, the Catholics, who forgot that the first law of Christ is to never use the sword. These men passed through the fire of their enemies and did not receive any wounds from the balls that struck them. Others threw themselves from the top of high trees, and did not receive the slightest injury, &c., &c.

I offered you, I suppose, sufficient instances of the resisting power of matter against the most powerful causes of destruction. I shall not weary your attention by a greater number of quotations; I will limit myself to a single fact, which proves that the external frame is not alone capable of becoming incombustible, indivisible, and indestructible; but that our inner nature may, in certain conditions, enjoy these singular properties, although science don't know what these conditions are.

31. "Dictionary of the Wonders of Nature," by Sigaud de Lafond, 1780. Vol. II, page 96: "At the end of the last century, a man appeared in Saxony, and professed to eat anything whatever, for a small sum of money. He ate, for instance, a whole pig or a lamb; he broke with his teeth, pulverized and swallowed recipients of glass, earthenware, and even sometimes hard stones. He ate living animals, as birds, rats, &c., &c. He was one day presented with an inkstand, covered with a plate of iron, and succeeded in eating it all, viz.: pens, knife, ink and sand. Seven respectable witnesses have sworn to the truth of this fact before the high court of Wurtemberg. This terrible carter lived until the age of 79; after his death, his body was found full of the most heterogeneous materials."

Oliver Jacobus assures me that he saw a man in London "who handled red hot iron, licked it with his tongue, and ate a mixture of burning sulphur, rosin and wax; sometimes he swallowed burning coals after having previously used them to roast oysters. I attentively examined the mouth and tongue of this man, and could not discover the least trace of any preparation. I observed only that the tongue was enveloped with a great quantity of saliva. This man was subject to fainting fits. . . . On the first of May he swallowed, before many persons, a sword about three feet long, after having broken it into several pieces. On the following November, he swallowed in the presence of the King of England, and whole court, two knives and a razor, which were presented to him by the king himself; a few days later the whole found its natural way out of the body. In this experiment, the performer's hands were tied behind his back, in order to prevent the possibility of a deception. . . . He had swallowed, too, several copper pieces, a little glass cylinder, a wooden stick, and an iron key."

If this man is not the English chemist Richardson, he has nevertheless, many points of likeness with him. He masticated burning coals which were still seen burning in his mouth for a long time afterwards. He melted sulphur in his hands, and when it was quite lighted, he put it on his tongue, where the combustion continued until the whole was consumed. He sometimes put a burning coal upon his tongue, and cooked there a piece of meat or an oyster. He permitted this fire to be blown for a quarter of an hour, and his face never betrayed the least suffering. He held a red hot iron in his hand for a long time, and the trace of its action could not be perceived. He swallowed melted glass, mingled with rosin, tar, and wax; in this performance the flames blazed from his mouth, and a noise like that which is produced by the immersion of red hot iron into water, was heard the while, towards his throat.

JOHN.—We have already seen some incombustible and famished people, but none of this force.

ALBERT.—You see, my friend, that if we do not explain these facts by the magician's power, we must at least confess our impotency to give a satisfactory answer. But what man cannot explain, he is in the illogical habit of denying, or throwing into the fabulous records of the Black Art. Yet, to be consistent, we should never pronounce an opinion before having clearly established what man can, and what he cannot do. We must, moreover, know his nature, and that of his eminently weak and transitory envelop; we should define exactly what is explicable and what is not, but not according to the method of the savans who succeed only in darkening still more the question; but with the calmness and intelligence of a real observer, who builds piece by piece the elements of his certainty.

If I did not trace back my quotations farther than the sixteenth century, it was not because previous ages were destitute of similar events; every one, on the contrary, had its peculiar manifestations called supernatural. France, especially, was rich in productions of this kind; but India is still more so. There, contemplative ecstasies have been cultivated for ages immemorial; this study has, in consequence, so complete a disgust of terrestrial life, so exalted an aspiration towards religious life, that its votaries often immolate themselves to their gods by throwing their body under the wheels of the carriages which convey the idols. They think, too, that they please these cruel divinities by submitting to the most awful tortures. They fast during an incredible long period of time, remain in postures of equilibrium which may seem impossible, or shut their hand so powerfully and indefinitely, that their nails are said to enter deeply into their flesh.

33. The Arabians take the same pleasure in submitting to similar tortures, to honor a pretended prophet called Ben Aissa. It is true that, like Moses and Christ, this prophet is said to have led them through the deserts, and fed them upon stones, instead of multiplied bread. Since that epoch, they celebrate those days of calamity, by frantic dances upon burning coals and red hot pieces of iron; sometimes they tear their flesh with enormous whips, eat the most venomous insects, &c., &c., as I told you in "Spiritual Mesmerism."

Did not the martyrs of every country, of every age, do about the same thing, either for religion or politics' sake? The history of Christianity is full of miraculous facts of this nature. In selecting the examinations of the convulsive fits, I was moved by the consideration that these phenomena were accepted by the most skeptical men, and not denied by Delaure himself.

Yet I cannot conclude without quoting a very singular narrative published on the same subject by an illustrious writer, Theophile Gautier; it seems too faithful an echo of what I always said, and from such a pen, it cannot but enforce our own views. It agrees also with what M. Muller said. (Quotation 32.) I borrow this passage from the Journal "La Presse," of the 20th April, 1853, where it has the following title, "Constantinople, or the Howling Dervishes."

36. "The Howling Dervishes' hall at Scutary, is not circular like that of Pera. It is a parallelogram without any style of architecture; from the unpurged walls hang about fifteen enormous drums, and a few verses of the Koran. On the side of Micah, where sits the Imam, the wall is covered with a sort of ferocious decoration, which can be only compared to the workshop of the executioner or inquisitor; these pictures represent arrows with a sort of leaden heart for extremity, supporting chains, spades, arms of every kind, and apparatus of torture. It is with such instruments that the howling dervishes flagellate themselves, cut and open their flesh when they have reached the highest degree of religious fury; then cries are insufficient to translate their delirium, which shares all the character of a saint orgie.

"The Imam was a tall, angular old man, with deep furrows upon his face, whose expression was really majestic. By his side stood a beautiful young man, covered with a white and gold turban of the most picturesque effect; his pure, melancholy and sweet profile was rather of the Arabian than Turkish type; and his olive complexion seemed to confirm such an origin.

"Opposite these two remarkable figures, were the dervishes, whose solemn attitude and monotonous singing threw a sombre and gloomy tint over the whole ceremony. Every new stanza was accompanied by a sort of general oscillation of the head, such as we are accustomed to see in Chinese mayots, the sight of which alone plunges us into a sympathetic vertigo or giddiness.

"From moment to moment, a Mussulman assistant, intoxicated by this irresistible oscillation, left his seat, mixed with the dervishes, and began to move like a bear in its cage.

"The singing ceaselessly increased in force; the waddling became more frequent, their faces more deadly pale, and their hearts more deeply heaving. At the same time the Imam's holy words rapidly increased in power and energy, and we anxiously waited for the denouement of this awful spectacle.

"Some dervishes then, highly intoxicated by these manoeuvres, rose and went on with their jerkins, careless of the imminent danger they ran of breaking their heads against the walls.

"A moment later every one stood on foot. It was the instant the drums are taken; but our expectations were deceived; the drums were left on the walls, the subjects being already sufficiently excited; moreover, the fasting of the Roman was not a sufficient reason for avoiding this formality.

"The dervishes then formed a chain, by respectively placing their hands upon the shoulders of their neighbors, and began to justify their name by uttering a most deep and prolonged howling: this cry does not really seem to belong to human nature.

"The whole troop, by a unanimous movement, then recoiled a step, and howl in a deep, gloomy tone, which seems very much like the cry of a menagerie to find that their dinner very late.

"The inspiration then begins to develop itself by little and little. The eyes glare and dazzle like those of the wild animals they have imitated in their cries; a sort of epileptic foam appears at the corners of their lips; their faces become ghastly under the most abundant perspiration. The whole troop bend and rise as under the impression of a powerful wind; and the same howling exclamations is repeated at every motion.

"We cannot understand how such outcries, repeated during a whole hour and sometimes more, do not break the chests of this miserable people, or call forth the blood from the most healthy lungs.

"In the middle of the troop I observed a dervish who had quite a characteristic physiognomy; you have, perhaps, seen some of the plaster faces moulded by Geriault; you recollect their depressed, furrowed temples, their deep sockets, their noses already contracted by death; you see their beard still sticking and parted by the perspiration of agony. Well; cover this mask with a thin parchment, and you will have the most perfect portrait of the Scutary dervish emaciated and disheveled by the training of fanaticism. This wild and energetic meagreness reminded me of the ferocious verses in which Chamfara pictures his savage physiognomy. As the poet, the dervish might have said: 'I begin my excursions in the morning with a poor piece of bread, which like a lean wolf passes from solitude to solitude. When the hard soles of my feet trample the stony roads, sparks of fire soar in the air, and the stones break into a thousand pieces; however lean I may be, I like to have the earth for my bed, and I place on its face a spinal marrow, supported by poor vertebrae; and for a pillow I have an arm whose undressed bones seem the instruments of a cockle player.' But let us continue our narrative.

"The dervishes' howlings were now transformed into roarings; the dervish whose portrait I tried to give you tossed his head, covered with black hair, and drew from his skeleton-like breast cries whose hoarseness and clamors would have shamed tigers and lions.

"Excited by the feverish ardor of this furious devotee, the whole troop jumped back and sprang forth like a horde of drunken soldiers. The same awful, unearthly cries were still going on. The floor trembled under the rhythmic undulation of the band, and the walls seemed ready to crack like the fortifications of Jericho, before these frightful clamors.

"The two cupchius who were with me laughed stupidly, without thinking they were themselves a sort of Catholic dervish, applying another kind of mortification in order to befriend a different God. The dervishes were looking for Allah, and calling him with their barking, just as the cupchius look for Jehovah in their prayers, fasting and ascetic practices. I confess that this want of intelligence in my two companions offended me very much; for I understand the priest of Athys, the fakir of the Hindostanee, as well as the dervish, tries to soothe his God by the abundance of his bloody sacrifices. This dervish who excited the cupchius' laughter was to me as splendid in his hallucinated face as the monk of Zurburan, who in his shades did not show anything but a praying mouth, and two hands perpetually joined. But to return.

"The exaltation of the dervishes soon reached its climax; the howlings became louder and uninterrupted; the tanny smell of a menagerie was evolved by all those perspiring bodies. In the midst of a cloud of dust grained all those convulsed, epileptic, fiery eyes, and frightful smiles.

"The Imam stood before the Mirab, exciting by his gestures and cries the ceaselessly increasing frenzy. A boy darted from the group, and approached the old man; I understood then what was the use of all those apparatus of torture hanging from the walls. An acolyte took a very sharp spade and presented it to the Imam, who passed it through the boy's cheeks; but the poor child did not express the least suffering, he quietly resumed his former seat, and took again to his previous waddlings. His face looked like those caricatures wherein Harlequin passes his head through Purior's body—the only difference was, that here, the caricature lived and breathed.

"Two other fanatics imitated the boy's example, and came half naked into the middle of the room. There they received arrows with lead hearts and little chains, wherewith they began a most fantastic and galvanic dance. But instead of avoiding the points of their partner's arrows, they rushed upon and did everything to pierce themselves with these blades; they soon fell upon the floor breathless, palpitating, and screaming with blood, like horses fallen exhausted at the foot of the mark set to their course.

"A pretty girl, seven or eight years of age, as pale as the *Mignon* of Goethe, had, till then, stood by the door, but at this moment she approached the Imam, who received her with much kindness; she then sat upon a lamb skin lying on the floor, and then the Imam jumped on this weak and delicate frame, where he stood for several seconds.—When he alighted from this living pedestal, the child rose and went away, apparently charmed with her devotion.

"Women brought their infants, three or four years old, who were softly placed on the same skin and delicately trampled down. Some of these little creatures bore the operation with a great deal of courage; many others screamed out in the most frightful manner. Their eyes were out of their heads, and their tender ribs yielded under so enormous a pressure. With the expression of the most exalted faith, the mothers took them back and soon succeeded in stopping their cries. To the children, succeeded young men, soldiers, and even an officer of high rank, all submitting to the imposition of feet, which is said to be a sovereign remedy against every sort of disease.

"As we were leaving Teké we met with the boy whose cheeks had been transfixed by the Imam. The instrument of torture was no more in the wound, and two small violet scars alone showed the passage of the iron.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

[To be continued.]

MAKE YOUR GIRLS INDEPENDENT.

[We would warn our readers not to pass by the following excellent article, from the pen of our correspondent, Henry F. Francis of Exeter, N. H.; we are not sure that his name would be enough of a talisman to prevent such a loss on their part. Its advice is just what we want. How many will profit by it?—Country Gent.]

Everybody in New England knows exactly what to do with a boy. Give him, as a matter of course, the best education he can afford, and whether he is rich or poor, prepare him for some business, some regular, useful business in life, so that whatever be the turn of Fortune's Wheel, it may be independent. A good education, and a profession or trade, without property, is enough for him—enough to place him beyond the charities of a cold world, enough to give him hope and courage and assurance of success in life.

But what is to become of the daughter? Do we consider this question sufficiently? Is not all New England grossly negligent on this point? Does the public voice answer this question satisfactorily?

Let us see. I have a family of four children, a daughter of sixteen, in a family of half a dozen children. You have a small property, a comfortable house, a farm perhaps, are tolerably "well off," worth perhaps eight or ten thousand dollars. You are still a young man, at least not so very old that you need not necessarily die for some years yet. Suppose this young lady has progressed as well as most girls, in her studies. She can read and write respectably, has cyphered as far as square root, can read French a little, but cannot speak a word of it correctly. She can play on the piano, so that a person of common discernment can distinguish Old Hundred from the Battle of Prague, but has devoted her very decided taste for music. Still she is intelligent, active, and promising. Suppose she were, some pleasant morning, to propose the question directly to you, and ask a serious reply, "What do you intend I shall do when my education is finished?" What answer would you make, which would satisfy both you and herself?

The probability, perhaps, is that within ten or twelve years, she may marry; for that is the fate of a majority of ladies. Still, I do not think you would like to answer her reasonable question by such a suggestion, because such a probability is, after all, a vague uncertainty, and you would be quite unwilling a child of hers should make marriage a matter of necessity, or even of calculation. No, you could not say to her that she has but one chance in life, and that of such a nature that she cannot avail herself of it.

Can you say to her deliberately, that you have a home which shall be hers, also that you have means to maintain her, and that she need take no thought for the future? That is, practically, what most fathers are saying to their daughters, but frequently with less regard to truth than they profess. Your life is uncertain. Your business enterprises may fail. It is safe to risk the welfare of others entirely on your own credit for prosperity. Besides, there is enough in the subordinate position which usually falls to the share of a daughter of a family, to fill up the aspirations of human nature, to develop the faculties of the soul? Look at the course of life of grown up daughters in the families about you. They are usually regarded by the mother as children in all matters pertaining to the household. They do not take a share even of the responsibility of the family. If required to do a share of the work, they do it as a disagreeable task, to which a life of ease is far preferable. In the duties of wife and mother, there is enough to occupy the heart, and the mere drudgery of housework, the cooking and mending and scrubbing, especially in a subordinate position, have in them nothing peculiarly attractive or ennobling to anybody. Usually, however, the daughter is not a working bee in the hive. She is better educated than her mother, perhaps, and not half so good a housekeeper, and so she naturally takes to fashion and light literature, receives calls and returns them, dusts the parlor for her share of the house work, works worsted cats, dogs, for intellectual discipline, and wears a stylish bonnet to church by way of morals and religion. Without a definite object, how can she be expected to rise early in the morning, or to take an active interest in the affairs of life?

But the question recurs, what better can be done? What shall be done that our daughters may have courage to look the future calmly in the face, and feel that their position is in some measure dependent upon their exertions.

A definite hope for the future can alone make a rational being happy. Give every child, then, male or female, an education for some business. The discipline of acquiring it will be, in itself, salutary, and the consciousness of possessing it will at all times give dignity and independence to your character. Whatever your position in society, educate your daughter for some business life, educate her according to your means and condition, and according to her tastes and capacity. The sphere of woman, which has been always reduced below the horizon, which all accord to her as a right, includes, certainly, the whole range of teaching—in letters, in science, in music and drawing, and whatever else is taught in our schools. "Woman's Mission" surely is to teach, and the demand for female instructors, of a high order, is by no means supplied. Academies and high schools are now paying salaries of five hundred and a thousand dollars to college graduates, as many temporary teachers, and would be glad to exchange them for well qualified females, who would enter upon their duties with some probability of permanency. Then their labor is not and of district schools, which are fast changing from the hands of the college boys, to the "miller influences," of the gentler sex. If your daughter has a decided taste for music, any ornamental acquirement, assist her to appreciate the gift which Heaven has offered her. Make her excel in something which the world deems excellent, and her superior attainment will always command respect and the means of honorable subsistence.

But there are many who cannot afford the means thus to qualify their daughters for teachers. What shall they do? I answer, believe labor is honorable, and teach them a trade, or manual labor of some kind. I have never chanced to live in any place, where dressmakers and milliners did not keep the ladies of the village in complete subjection, dealing out their favors of dress-fitting and bonnet-trimming as they were pearls and diamonds I venture to say, sir, to you who are reading this paper, that you can build a forty-foot ram in less time than your wife and daughter can procure their winter hats.

Teach every young lady to cut and make her own dresses, and if you go farther, and educate her to the trade, her support in life is secured. The printing office, the counting room of shops, the manufacturing establishments of various kinds, are furnishing respectable employment to females and gradually the "area of freedom" for women's labor and talent is enlarging everywhere in New England. The means of education have not yet been supplied to boys and girls alike. Even Boston, I believe, which affords to every boy at the public cost, a four years' course in a Latin or High school, gives to girls an equivalent, only one additional year in the grammar schools.

New England has her colleges—her Harvard, her Yale, her Dartmouths, for boys, but nothing of the kind for her girls. But these wants will soon be met. Horace Mann, whose opinion is entitled in this matter to higher authority, perhaps, than any other individual in this country, has accepted the Presidency of a college in Ohio, where the sexes enjoy equal advantages of instruction.

The want of the means to give girls, at the public expense, the same thorough and systematic education as boys are receiving at colleges, is the great defect in our New England system of instruction. Notwithstanding this want of opportunity for education, a great share of our best writing of a literary character, both in novels and in tracts, and in the better half of creation, for any literary labor, deserves to have his ears pulled by Fanny Fern, and to be classed among slave catchers in Mrs. Stowe's next edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Education for all, according to the capacity of each, is the true law of love and of progress.—N. E. Farmer.

SUCH IS LIFE IN THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY.

One day last week, early in the morning, that miserable conveyance which takes the poor and friendless dead to the city cemetery at the city's skirts, halted in front of a house in the southern part of the city. The driver alighted from the wagon, entered the house, but appeared again soon after, carrying in company with another alike interested looking man, a coffin made of rough boards. The coffin was placed on the wagon, and it made speed over the deserted streets toward the cemetery.

Not one followed the wagon with a sorry look—not one stood at her grave with a feeling heart, when the earth fell upon the coffin; and yet, this coffin contained the corpse